

# PLAY AND POEMS

BY  
WILLIAM WATTS

KING PHILIP IV  
LYCIDAS AND FELICIA  
CLEOPATRA'S DREAM



BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN  
U. S. A.  
FIRST EDITION

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## CONTENTS

KING PHILIP IV .....	5
LYCIDAS AND FELICIA .....	27
CLEOPATRA'S DREAM .....	31

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PHILIP IV.....	King of Spain
DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA.....	Son of King Philip
COUNT OF OLIVARES.....	the King's Councillor
DUKE OF OSUNA.....	Governor of Naples
MARQUIS OF SPINOLA.....	General of King's Army
DON LUIS DE HARO.....	Nephew to Olivares
LUJANES .....	A Courtier
PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND.....	Prince of Wales
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.....	Councillor to the Prince
SIR FRANCIS COTTINGTON..	Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Prince
FRANCOIS.....	Friend to Don Luis de Haro
DON ANGELO.....	Lieutenant of King's Bodyguard
POWDER .....	A Poet
LAPATTO.....	A Tavern Host
PRINCE            { .....	Royal Servants
QUICKLIFE        { .....	
MERCICA.....	Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess
MARPETTA.....	A Flower Girl
TWO NUNS	

Lords, Ladies, Maids of Honor, Nobles, Courtiers, Officers,  
Soldiers, Foresters and Other Attendants.

SCENE—Spain.

# KING PHILIP IV.

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## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I

A Street in Madrid

*Enter the Count of Olivares and Don Luis de Haro, meeting.*

*De Haro.* Good morrow, uncle.

*Olivares.* Good morrow unto you, my noble nephew.  
Will you come with me? I have audience  
Of great importance with our sovereign king.  
Already he has banished Duke Uceda,  
And driven from his court the priest, Alcega.  
So it does happen that this morning  
The Duke Osuña will be tried in council.  
Whereof much disappointment awaits him.

*De Haro.* Then it is true that this arch traitor duke  
Did purpose to usurp the crown of Naples?

*Olivares.* As bitterly he will repent of it  
When he hears sentence that will eschew all  
His proud insignia, forfeiture of his lands,  
Exempt of heirs through confiscation.  
Therefore, his guilt stands to be acquitted  
As death to treason.

*De Haro.* Think you, the king's mercy, which has prevailed  
Through many bloody wars, will arbitrate  
Between the king and duke?

*Olivares.* Forsooth, the king will not show mercy.  
Our neighbor France makes war against us,  
While England frowns again upon our shores.  
Our peace is broken with the Valtellines,  
Which have revolted and are up in arms,  
Swearing allegiance to the king of France,  
Whose pow'rful army allied with Duke Savoy  
Will not with Spain make any valid truce  
Until the Venetian province in dispute  
Be sequestered to the Pope of Rome.

*De Haro.* Thus Duke Osuña does by traitorous acts  
Condemn himself forever.

*Olivares.* Now, by my sword,  
We will wage war with France a hundred years  
To hold what we have won in rightful conquest.

*De Haro.* I pray you, uncle, take me to the trial  
Of this disgraceful duke.

*Olivares.* Well, so I shall. Let us go together.  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

## SCENE II

A Path in the Forest

\*  
*Enter François and Mercica.*

*Mercica.* Ask me no more until to-night,  
Here in the forest we will sit and rest  
On blue-eyed violet banks. The youthful day  
Begins his tardy, brilliant pilgrimage  
Toward the western hills. Here we will talk  
Of kings and queens, of courts and palaces.  
When does handsome Charles, the Prince of Wales,  
With the good-looking Duke of Buckingham,  
Visit our Spanish court?

*François.* To-morrow they arrive,  
And should our lovely princess match with  
Charles,  
Sealing the nuptials for a royal wedding,  
There will be great rejoicing through the land.  
But it is known that there is deadly enmity  
Between the English Duke of Buckingham  
And our hot-blooded Count of Olivares,  
Which, like as not, when they shall meet at court  
Will suddenly blaze forth in violent quarrels;  
Granting it so, our side must bear the brunt.  
'Twould force the prince to stand by Buckingham,  
Who favors as a wife for England's heir  
The French king's daughter.

*Mercica.* Our princess would have cause to grieve, indeed;  
And I do hope she will be England's queen.

*François.* But, Mercica, why talk of queens and kings  
When we may talk of love and wedding rings?



Hear me, dear lady, as a lover plead  
 To prove, to have, my heart's devotion heed;  
 When morning dews like heavenly pearls are laid,  
 Bedecking flow'r-crowned wood and forest  
           sward—

*Mercica.*           Then it is time to wake and be astir.

*François.*        When the sun wheels his golden chariot  
                     Chasing the shadows through the silver sky.

*Mercica.*        Then should fair ladies shun his brightest rays.

*François.*        When wild, sweet-scented herbs blow through  
                     green woods.  
                     Dotted with ox-lips, ferns and leafy places,  
                     Where nymphs, tired elves, and fairy tenants sleep  
                     From pleasant labor of the sylvan night—

*Mercica.*        Then do the nightingales sing sweet o' nights.

*François.*        When it is sweet to hear the woodland dove  
                     Calling her truant mate, I love Mercica.

*Mercica.*        Do you love me, François? What does love do?  
                     Love lights his flaming torch at fires divine  
                     To guide true lovers toward Hymen's shrine.  
                     There shines from it the spirit of sweet youth,  
                     The light of wisdom and the zeal of truth;  
                     The kindness which substitutes deformity—  
                     For that deformed, so no defect there be;  
                     The gentleness of sorrow, the strength of joy,  
                     The heart's content which pride nor riches cloy;  
                     The courage of virtue, blazing like a sun,  
                     The book in which love's golden thought is spun;  
                     The mirror on which Beauty breathes to see  
                     Time's cloudy day reflected as 'twill be;  
                     How then can you, who see not this in love,  
                     Say that you love me, listening to a dove?

*François.*        Then Heaven be the witness of my love  
                     For you, fair lady; as I kiss your hand,  
                     Accept this ring as token of my love;  
                     And, if you will, when will you marry me?

*Mercica.*        Why, on that day when Charles, the Prince of  
                     Wales,  
                     Shall wed our princess, you shall marry me.

*François.*        We will go home and so inform our friends.  
                     This happy scene shall live in memory;  
                     This forest a church, these trees the audience,  
                     Their silver tongues sweet-tuned like wedding  
                     bells,

## KING PHILIP IV.

Not harsh, but joyful; and to make lasting  
 This glad rehearsal ere we truly wed.  
 Our lips must meet as we embrace in love.  
 One kiss, indeed, one kiss from your rare lips,  
 Makes me despoil the choice of all your harms;  
 More is not wished than this all-sweet consent  
 Which you so lovingly approve and give.

[*Exeunt François and Mercieu.*]

## SCENE III

A Park Near the Palace

*Enter Charles, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Buckingham, disguised.*

*Charles.* Now, Buckingham, you lose your thousand  
 crowns!  
 Yonder comes Cottington, walking slowly.  
 It is discernible in his face  
 That the fair princess is not praised enough.  
 As you shall hear.

*Buckingham.* How now, dear Charles?  
 Rumor's hearing does captivate you.  
 She may be lovely and well qualified  
 To win the approval of your subjects  
 Should you think her worth equal to your crown;  
 But the French king's fair daughter, I am sure,  
 Does match the Infanta's rank and beauty.  
 That marriage I pray Heaven to bring about  
 Which will keep peace between France and Eng-  
 land.

*Enter Sir Francis Cottington*

*Charles.* Sir Francis, did you behold the princess?

*Cottington.* My liege, we met in the palace garden.  
 She is most lovely, and not false, I swear.  
 My admonition is, beware of her!  
 The light of Heaven kindles her youthful eyes;  
 Her graceful form is Nature's perfect mould;  
 There seemed to be sweet music in her voice.

*Buckingham.* You have observed her closely, Cottington.  
 'Tis well you accomplished it adroitly.

*Charles.* I am anxious to see this fair princess.  
 We will, my dear friends, throw off our disguises,  
 And presently meet at the court of Spain.  
 Then, if King Philip receives us kindly,  
 You may take time to learn what concerns us,  
 While I go a-courting with Maria.

*Cottington.* So, that it pleases you, we will return  
 To our lodgings.

*Charles.* Our country unto Spain we will make known  
 By message to the king.

*Buckingham.* [*Aside to Cottington.*] Our prince will quickly  
 want to go to France  
 When I have speech with Count of Olivares.  
 [*Exeunt the Prince of Wales, the Duke of  
 Buckingham, and Sir Francis Cottington.*]

*Enter Lujanes and Mercica*

*Lujanes.* You are now near the summer of your love,  
 Which will increase the passionate pleadings  
 Of your lover: his burning words are born  
 With unfledged wings of thought, which in good  
 time  
 Will be full grown.

*Mercica.* I hope his voice grows wise,—  
 What do you think this madcap François said  
 As, 'neath a fan, I looked into his eyes?

*Lujanes.* Did he declare his love with tearful sighs?

*Mercica.* He gave me a red rose and spoke like this:  
 "I'll kiss your lips, the sun does kiss your hair,  
 And I am jealous; I'll kiss your eyes,  
 Then they shall see my lips and not the sun!"

*Lujanes.* He has this fault, and you have patience  
 With which to subjugate his vanity.

[*Exeunt Lujanes and Mercica.*]

*Enter Marpetta*

*Marpetta.* Unhappy day! unhappy day for me,  
 Where seems much happiness for all but me!  
 Go hide, thou sun, in never ending night,  
 Shine not again upon a wicked world.  
 For thou art false, and everything is false.  
 Open thy door, thou dismal tomb of death,  
 One knocks without who waits to enter in,  
 For love is dead!

[*Exit.*]

## ACT SECOND

### SCENE I

The Throne Room in the Palace

*Enter King Philip, the Marquis of Spinola, the Count of Olivares, Don Luis de Haro, the Duke of Osuña, Don Angelo, Lujanes, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*Philip.* To you, my lords and counsellors, greetings.  
To that which is approved remembrance shall  
Establish history. For those faults constrained  
There is forgiveness asked for ignorance.  
It is essential to want wisdom,  
So that in the transformation of thought  
That which gains honor may get forbearance.  
So well you have pleased us, Count Olivares,  
With your valuable services to Spain,  
Which I, your king, perceiving happily,  
Find we are much indebted unto you.  
Let me now read what documents you have,  
Or hear of matters which purport unto  
Our kingdom's welfare.

*Olivares.* My sovereign king,  
I take ambitiously what you bestow:  
Such high regard helps that dear service,  
Which weighs with the privilege of agreement;  
But to make the dread presence in the realm  
Of usurpation setting forth opinion  
Against the maintenance of proud titles,  
Of lofty favors born with star-like honor  
From the bosom of civil peace: to edge  
Sedition with a serpent's tooth, which reeks  
As foul with treason as a battle's stench:  
To fawn with gloved hands while the bristling  
heart  
Thrusts forth its venom'd daggers and inflicts  
Into the honest body of allegiance  
A death-dealing blow! You, Duke Osuña,  
Have sold our soldiers to the Valtellines,  
Stirred them to revolt, and by means of war  
Would wrest fair Naples from the crown of Spain.  
I accuse you of treason, Duke Osuña!  
Hope that you obtain mercy from your king.

*Philip.* What! what! a viper in our midst? What! you?  
Duke Osuña, do you stand guilty

- In this conspiracy against our kingdom,  
Our army and possessions beyond Spain?
- Osuña.* My sovereign king, I do confess my guilt,  
And seek your pardon with repenting heart:  
May Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul.
- Philip.* Duke of Osuña, governor of Naples,  
To-day, my poor but loyal subjects  
Do render unto me a rich account:  
Nay, let not tears of shame run down your cheeks  
When our wrenched hearts let fall great drops  
of blood.  
Look then to Heaven alone for mercy!  
Be it known to all, by virtue of our seal.  
You are deprived of honor and title,  
Your heirs shall not claim lineal descent:  
Your rich estates and all your property  
Shall be impounded as royal treasure:  
You shall be imprisoned in a dungeon  
With never hope to come from it again.  
Look to your prisoner, Don Angelo!
- [Exeunt Osuña and Don Angelo, guarded by soldiers.]*
- Spinola.* My gracious king, Charles, the young Prince of  
Wales,  
Attended by the Duke of Buckingham,  
With Sir Francis Cottington, now makes known  
His visit in your kingdom. He forwards  
Greetings and wishes audience with your majesty.
- Philip.* General, go welcome them to our court.  
I will await them.
- [Exit Spinola.]*

## SCENE II

The Garden of the Palace

*Enter the Marquis of Spinola, the Count of Olivares, the  
Prince of Wales, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Francis  
Cottington, the Princess Maria, François, Mercieu,  
Courtiers, and Ladies.*

- Spinola.* Princess Maria, these royal visitors  
Have come o'er seas from friendly England  
To be our guests. This is the Prince of Wales,  
Beside him stand the Duke of Buckingham  
And that good knight, Sir Francis Cottington.

*Charles.* Fair princess, this meeting makes our visit  
Yet wanting, since much praise still lacks much  
praise,  
When we would graciously show that pleasure  
Which speaks our thanks to meet you in person.

*Buckingham.* Be sure, fair princess, this occasion does  
Add mine to the Prince of Wales's pleasure.

*Cottington.* I plead for this extended courtesy.  
To kneel before you as you honor me.

*Maria.* I thank you all and welcome you to Spain.  
Had you pleasant voyage?

*Charles.* A sea at times  
Like polished glass mirrored our happy sails,  
Or with wind so fair that the whistling shrouds  
Made every heart keep merry all the way.

*Maria.* Then you must keep as merry while on land;  
Here we have games which northern countries  
scold,  
Saying they are too naughty to be seen;  
But would you like to have a Spanish rose?  
And tell me if our roses can compare  
With those you grow in England's gardens fair;  
For I have heard that English roses are  
More beautiful than any in the world.

*Charles.* Show me your Spanish games, for ours are dull;  
Show me, I beg you, through your lovely garden;  
Here the sun shines longer than in England,  
And there is not an English rose that grows  
That has more beauty than your Spanish rose.

[*Exeunt Charles, Maria, Mercica, Spinola, Cottington, Courtiers and Ladies.*]

*Buckingham.* Now, what, indeed, does make the prince praise  
more  
What is in Spain, which not o'er-equals that  
What is in France and England? How comes it  
That this contention, augmented by proof,  
To his young eyes appears differently?

*Olivares.* How now, indeed? He may not look behind  
Unless he likes! Why should not our great Spain  
Enlarge the young Prince of Wales's vision?  
She's wealth and war strength which equal  
England's,  
And she's as much as France or yet much more;  
Or yet as much as France and England have.

*Buckingham.* Well, this I know that when he seeks a wife,  
France has that much more than Spain and  
England,

And when she shall be crownéd England's queen,  
So that much more will England stronger be;  
And, if you please, what then will poor Spain do?

*Olivares.* Before that day, proud Buckingham, take care  
That England does not sue to Spain for peace.

*Buckingham.* Before that day England will make the terms  
Which Spain will willingly be glad to take.

*Olivares.* Now, speaking for my most sovereign king:  
Who receives this insult as from England,  
I wish you clear from Spain without delay.  
Taking along your big boy, the Prince of Wales,  
Go, tell the king of England what I say.  
And coddle with that bird-brained king of France,  
Be off yourself as quickly as you can.  
Were it not for the Princess Maria,  
Who now returns to stop your braggart tongue,  
I would cross swords with you, to show you how  
Your little England and your lesser France  
Should taste defeat, great Duke of Buckingham.  
When Spain 'gainst France and England clash  
in war!

*Buckingham.* God speed the opportune time, Olivares.  
When you shall find me great as you declare!

*Re-enter Charles, Cottington, Spinola, François,  
Maria, Mercica, Courtiers, and Ladies.*

*Maria.* What! angry words between the duke and count?  
Oh, Charles, by their pale faces, something's  
wrong;

Hate shoots like lightning from their fiery eyes.  
Will you, for my sake, try to make them friends?

*Charles.* I will speak privately with Buckingham,  
So let your heart have hope and not alarm.  
Farewell, sweet princess!

*Maria.* A sad farewell, indeed.  
Should I not see your face again, dear Charles?

*Spinola.* Do not let sudden grief control you, madam:  
For, just as sure as music wants a player.  
If you will look around, you'll truly find  
Some sudden joy to drive these tears away.

[*Exeunt Charles, Buckingham and Cottington;  
in opposite directions. Olivares, Spinola,  
Maria, Mercica, François, Courtiers and  
Ladies.*]

## KING PHILIP IV.

## SCENE III

## A Tavern Yard

*Enter Prince, Quicklife and Powder.*

- Powder.* Majestic hue.  
*Prince.* Declaim not so early in the day.  
*Powder.* Of Venus' fleecy sky!  
*Quicklife.* Go fetch wine, poet.  
*Powder.* Sleeps on her fleeting couch the Goddess Love!  
*Prince.* Wake her not, Powder.  
*Powder.* To part the silver mists her shoulders move—  
*Quicklife.* Immediately buy wine as atonement!  
*Powder.* O chaste Diana! why by Neptune's brook  
 Art idly wondering if the water's cold?  
 Wilt shortly take thy bath?  
*Prince.* Lord, Quicklife, can mortals endure more?  
*Powder.* Fall not in. How'd Olympus save thee  
 Full fifty thousand starry leagues away?  
*Quicklife.* Olympus be twice drowned and damned  
 Ere thou declaim of him again.  
*Powder.* But stern Achilles, proud to pigmy wars,  
 Forth upon the field which giant Ajax strode  
 Sought battle of the challenging conqueror.  
 Then came Ulysses to Achilles' camp,  
 Plaiting the mane of the great war-horse, Pan.  
*Prince.* Fish-pan, Powder?  
*Powder.* Pan in the Homeric sense I'll continue—  
*Quicklife.* [*Striking him*] Thou shalt discontinue and be  
 eudged.  
*Powder.* Desist! Wine like a river shall flow—  
 Oh! my precious back, what an immense blow!  
*[Exit Powder.]*
*Quicklife.* Prince, by my soul, I like the fellow well,  
 For he's the brilliant flame of merry wit.  
 The wick of happy thought, what say you then  
 If we hold to him and make him our pal?  
*Prince.* I say I mind not: Powder will help make  
 Our round of pleasure in a tedious world!  
 And here he comes with three jugs of good wine.

*Re-enter Powder*



- Powder.* Hark, comrades! didst hear that merman's flute?  
 Whilst billowy waves dashed on the foam-flecked  
                   rocks,  
 I heard his flute above the Atlantic's roar.
- Quicklife.* Hear us, and let the laughing mermaids sing.  
 Knowest thou that we in observation wise,  
 In judgment merciful and rich apparel,  
 Find yet some virtue in thy ambition?  
 Henceforth, Powder, thou walkest with greatness.
- Powder.* O lovely wine! drawn from the purple necks  
 Of luscious grapes.
- Prince.* Necks, Powder?
- Powder.* Necks in the literal sense—Valencia grapes.
- Quicklife.* Wilt thou not drink?
- Powder.* Where Orpheus greets the pink-eared dawn of  
                   spring  
 The glorious Heaven bespeaks Orpheus' joy  
 In Mesopotamia.
- Quicklife.* [*Striking him*] For this thou receivest excellent  
                   cudgeling.
- Powder.* Enough! O spare, indeed, my splendid bones,  
 Which men to come will guard with reverence  
 When I am sleeping in old earth's green tomb;  
 O wine, in thy red mirror there appears  
 A witch with hanging tongue o'er boiling pot  
 Of human blood. Hark, my comrades, she sings!
- Prince.* Sing the witch's song, Powder.
- Quicklife.* Sing, or be valiantly cudgeled!

## SONG

- Powder.* Death blows out the flame of life;  
 His sharp scythe reaps bones and skull.  
 Curst be they who watch his wife  
 Magic take from cauldron full.
- What are famine, cold and heat?  
 Food to make the cauldron's feast.  
 What are fever, war and hate?  
 Evil fire, my Beauty Beast.
- Heap the cinders, spiders weave:  
 Black cat howl and white bat fly;  
 Tired eyelids raise to grieve,  
 All make ill to quickly die!
- Prince.* She's a wicked, toothless, croaking old witch.

- Quicklife.* And she toothlessly croaketh wickedly.  
*Powder.* I see—  
*Enter Don Angelo*
- Angelo.* Ho, Prince and Quicklife! Away with you to court,  
 Wine-drinking servants! What strange creature's this?
- Prince.* Powder, the poet.  
*Angelo.* Poet, you are commissioned to write an ode  
 On the king's birthday.
- Powder.* I have an hundred odes ready.  
 I'll recite them.
- Angelo.* Wilt thou now? First let me mount my horse!  
*[Exit Don Angelo.]*
- Prince.* *[Striking him]* We'll royal-ode you for frightening Don Angelo.
- Quicklife.* *[Choking him]* We'll royal-ride ye, ye moon-eyed,  
 long shanked,  
 Unassailable bagpipe o' words!  
 Swear on thy knees for gracious pardon!
- Powder.* Yon burning blush of sunrise on the hills  
 Glory environed—
- Prince.* Drink thy wine, Powder! What dost thou know?  
*Powder.* I know a tale for none but naughty ears,  
 But which, like good wine to the moderate man,  
 Is to the seasoned mind worth listening to.
- Quicklife.* That tale we'll hear when we have time to hear it;  
 Come, Prince and Powder, we'll not longer stay,  
 As servants of the king we must obey.  
*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV

A Room in Don Lujanes's House.

*Enter Marpetta.*

- Marpetta.* O wild-eyed jealousy! Thou imp of hell!  
 Make harder than the warrior's battle-steel  
 My woman's heart! Be thou more cruel  
 Than winter winds that freeze up mountain caves  
 With starving beasts; more pitiless than  
 The heat of the sun which drives the traveler  
 mad  
 Upon the desert wastes! Thou sweet, bright  
 eye of night,  
 Which in the silver sky doth flood this room  
 With golden light from yon glorious heaven,  
 Hide thou from murder behind this curtain!

Or thy pale countenance, like a ghostly judge,  
Will invoke my soul to innocence and come  
Between me and this deed. That knock at the  
door

Does summon me to hear the sound of death.  
Work, poisoned cup! Who drinks thee gives  
life up!

*Enter Lujanes*

*Lujanes.* A happy evening to my sweetheart! What  
Bright angel whispered in these pearl pink ears,  
Kissed these rose lips with gentle, winning smiles,  
And, loving her, gave me a goddess?

*Marpetta.* When you are rested and refreshed with wine.  
Then let me answer you: now drink your wine.  
See how it sparkles in a silver cup!  
Beneath the window I will sit and play  
Sweet music which shall chase dull care away.

*Lujanes.* Hope, like a star,

Sits in the crown of my ambition  
To gain royal favor. 'Tis the ripe time  
For further action, when, by hewing down  
The tops of greatness, I become as great.  
The king will soon grow tired of Olivares;  
How soon shall I become his favorite?

*Marpetta.* Did you speak, Lujanes? I will come to you.  
*Lujanes.* I was praising your sweet music, angel—  
Wealth will do much, high tides and winds of  
chance

Favor my sails. Then, Fortune, come to me:  
Cut loose the wreckage with thy golden axe  
Which fouls my sea. It will be then a dream.  
Dreams dream themselves and life is full of  
dreams,

That swim in mortals' eyes, lodge in their ears;  
Bury the living and unearth the dead;  
Make monarchs tremble and the voices crack,  
Which thunder through the hours of crowded  
courts

Their kingdom's rule. Ha! what do dreams not do?  
They rob from honest men their well-earned rest.  
And in the thickness of night's eyebrows hatch  
Dissensions in great rulers, bloody wars,  
The birth of nations, the abuse of usury,  
Quarrels' reactions, hell's heresy, ravaging lust:  
Murderous affrays, vicious hates, self-slaughter:  
All that is foul on earth, all damned in hell!  
There's not a wolf that howls with bloody tongue  
At morning's door, but is enchained in dreams:  
Heaven itself dreams would dismantle,  
But that their mighty hands do barely reach  
Divinity's top-tower!

*Marpetta.*

More wine, drink more?

*Lujanes.*

No more. Cease not to play sweet music!  
 Draw back the curtains; let the air stream in.  
 Methinks my body burns with fever!  
 What dancing fire stabs my eyeballs thus  
 With lightning pain? What villainy's afoot?  
 What treachery's here? O hell! I'm poisoned!  
 Hot irons blind me! Where art thou, girl?  
 Give me some water! water! water!  
 To quench this fearful flame upon my tongue!  
 Hell burns me up! Burst, you closed clouds  
 And pour down oceans of your winter rain,  
 That I may wet my lips before I die!  
 Water, Marpetta! Where's there a rock  
 That I may cling to and avert my doom  
 Ere I plunge into this bottomless abyss?  
 Where's my dagger? my trusted, faithful dagger?  
 I will fall on its juttred front of steel,  
 To drink my own warm blood and vomit  
 The monster death upon the face of murder!

[*He falls.*

Oh, for an ounce of strength! A drowning sea!  
 I laughed at death, but now death laughs at me!

[*He dies.*

*Marpetta.*

Keep with the dead, thou prostrate body!  
 Thy soul shall keep with me! No more shall life  
 Enter this temple fair, nor harrowing care  
 Furrow the sweetest face that e'er was man's.  
 He was my morning sun, my evening star,  
 My bright and gentle day, my heart's desire,  
 My bosom's fond delight, my hope divine,  
 My more than mortal part 'twixt heaven and  
 earth!

Then, you immortal gods, receive his soul,  
 For I will journey whither he will go.  
 And be the shadow of his heavenly wing,  
 Rather than live to mock his body's dust  
 Which sleeps with death. O thou bright moon,  
 Gazing in wonder through the peaceful night,  
 Spread in the shadow of this silent room  
 A golden circle which shall be our tomb!  
 'Tis said, that at heaven's gate sweet music's  
 heard

Which was commanded there when love was born  
 To signify that never love hath end.

Your bright dagger, Lujanes, helps me to you.  
 Hide in my bosom!

[*Stabbing herself*] Farewell, thou unkind world!

[*She dies.*

## ACT THIRD

### SCENE I

An Open Place in a Forest

*Enter King Philip, Princess Maria, Mercica, Don Luis de Haro,  
François, Don Angelo, Prince, Quicklife, Lords and  
Ladies costumed as hunters; Soldiers and  
Foresters afoot*

*Philip.* Let there be brought here, my two swift hounds,  
Apollo and Diana; I will match them  
Against my incomparable falcons,  
Longears and Shortspurs.

*[Exit Prince.*

*Don Angelo.* Your Majesty, there comes.  
Good report from the Marquis of Velez;  
The Catalans are in flight before him.  
Suffering great defeat.

*Philip.* This is good news  
To hear on an excellent hunting morn;  
Did not Apollo run from Diana  
In this same forest but a month ago?

*Don Angelo.* Your Majesty forgets, it was the hound  
Diana that o'ertook the fallow deer:  
Your two hounds covered the ground neck by  
neck.  
Until the deer twisted between the trees.

*Re-enter Prince with hounds and falcons*

*Philip.* Apollo and Diana shall have start  
Of my two falcons full a hundred yards;  
Go, set them in the forest that they chase  
The hare toward us; the hound and falcon  
That are winners of this speedy race  
I'll match again.

*[Exit Prince with hounds and falcons.*

*De Haro.* Your Majesty, this word  
Is sent by messenger from the palace:  
Our gracious Prince, Don Juan of Austria,  
Inflicting great loss to his enemies.  
With but a small loss of his brave soldiers,  
Has taken Lerida.

*Philip.*

Yet better news!

Methinks my brave son Juan will wear my crown.

A mighty king. Don Angelo, go bear  
On swiftest horses to the town Lerida,  
My message to Don Juan of Austria:  
That I, the king, am proud of him to-day.  
And Spain will welcome home her warrior  
prince.

*Don Angelo.* Your Majesty's message shall soon reach him.

[*Exit Don Angelo.*]

*Philip.*

Does my falcon Longears now weigh more  
Than greedy Shortspurs?

*François.*

Both weigh alike,  
Yet always Shortspurs proved the fleetest bird;  
Both falcons are in fine mettle to-day.

*Philip.*

'Tis time, methinks, to hear the huntsman's horn  
From yonder clump of trees—let me hear it!

[*Exit Quicklife.*]

*Enter Olivares*

*Olivares.*

Thus happily I find your Majesty  
To offer you my congratulations  
On the acquisition of an estate,  
Which has worth of twelve hundred thousand  
crowns;

The Duke of Braganza having rebelled,  
Incited by Eleanora de Guzman,  
Who has had put to death Vasconcellos,  
Governor of Portugal; this traitor Duke  
Proclaims himself John IV of Portugal,  
Calling on our subjects to crown him king;  
Therefore, his estates are confiscated.

*Philip.*

Yes, look that the mischief be remedied;  
Here they come! Now haste thee, good Diana!  
Oh, thou art running pretty. Oh, Longears!  
Oh, my brave falcon! Now do your sharp spurs  
Uplift the panting hare! Well done, Diana!  
Much like a silver arrow you broke through  
The green thicket. 'Twas a grand race!  
My falcon, your bright eyes of victory  
Are humble now, like waters of a stream  
Which brightened, then went into peaceful shade.  
Lead them before me into the forest:  
This race between them shall yet prove the best;  
We will ride after them and shield our eyes  
From the noon sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

## A Graveyard at Night

*Two nuns discovered digging a grave*

*Enter Don Luis de Haro.*

*De Haro.* God's peace be here with you, good sisters;  
It moves me with compassion to behold  
How nobly in the cause of charity  
You toil beneath a little lantern's rays.  
The heavens surely witness this kind act.  
And God receives it. Gentle sisters, rest  
While I perform this pitiful duty  
Which you would do. I knew the maid  
Whose corpse you'll bury in this hallowed  
ground;  
My tears shall fall into her woeful grave,  
With poignant sorrow from my weeping eyes,  
As a friend's last rites, so you permit me?

*First Nun.* Here is the spade, sir: may God requite you—  
We would know more of the maid we bury.

*De Haro.* It was a murderous hand that struck her down,  
Which will show guilty on the Judgment Day  
Stained with the blood of an innocent maid.

*Second Nun.* We will watch o'er your labor with our prayers  
Commended unto God.

*[Nuns retire to a distance.]*

*De Haro.* Let flowers arise  
Upon this place where sounds the tolling bell;  
As you were young, Love's fires light the nights,  
So that on youth's flowers it will not be dark;  
As you had virtue when bright nights are done,  
Sun, keep Love's fires a-light with golden days;  
As you had hope you sang through joyous reeds,  
Till their full volume called together all  
The sweet musicians of the air and land.  
To purple vineyards, to daisied meadows,  
To tree-fringed hills, to violet valleys,  
To green-leafed lanes, to woodland cathedrals,  
Refreshing dews fall when the earth is parched,  
And make clear fountains to allay their thirst.  
As you had beauty which consented to  
Share with the beauteous rose its joyful wealth,  
So this ugly death which now conceals you

With chilling breath, is like cloudy vapor  
 When it obscures the beauty of the rose.  
 It melts away as the great golden sky  
 Sends down its radiant, generous warmth:  
 Your grave, sweet maid, is only clouded over  
 With thieving time's unfavorable mist  
 Which fears the presence of coming angels.

[*Exit.*

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SCENE III

The Throne Room in the Palace

*Enter King Philip, Don Luis de Haro, the Count of Olivares,  
 the Marquis of Spinola, Don Juan of Austria, François,  
 Don Angelo, Senators and Nobles, Lords and Ladies,  
 Soldiers, Attendants, etc.*

*Philip.* When the reaction of appeal offends  
 As silent witness to indignities  
 Which, through false presumption, made their  
                   cause  
 To make more power than granted power.  
 In the acquiescence rises insult.  
 In the full knowledge shame is brazen  
 With reputation poor as shifting sand.  
 Stand forth before our presence, Olivares,  
 To listen to these true indictments  
 Which would undo our reign of government.

*Don Juan.* You did weaken by improper measures  
 The garrisons of soldiers in Seville,  
 Malaga, Valladolid, Badajos,  
 Valencia, Toledo, Cuenea,  
 Miranda, La Corruña, Aquilas,  
 Huesca, Cordova and Granada:  
 From which our armies in the Netherlands  
 Could not draw forces to withstand defeat.

*De Haro.* Our wealthy possessions beyond the seas  
 Stand wounded by the fleets of England,  
 France and Holland. Our misgoverned provinces,  
 Lorraine and Italian Burgundy,  
 Have kindled with the flaming torch of war,  
 Which spreads hot revolts in cities and towns.  
 Our Portugal, the golden gate of Spain,  
 Is one huge arsenal of our enemies,  
 Whose barking throats gape wide for bloody war!  
 You did consent in secret conference  
 To make with France dishonorable peace.



Off'ring to the French king's emissaries  
 Five hundred thousand crowns of Spanish gold,  
 Which you adjudged could by base deficits  
 Unsignatured from the kingdom's treasure  
 Be as unnoticed loss. That waste of gold  
 Would in equivalent value build up  
 A fleet of warships in Barcelona,  
 Cadiz and Balboa. Our far islands  
 In the blue Indian seas have blood-stained shores,  
 Dyed more with our brave dead than with our  
     dead foes.  
 Yet qualms of conscience may make you tremble,  
 Still the giant finger of accusation  
 Will point to more!

*Olivares.*

    Hear me, my sovereign king:  
 There is conspiracy amongst your lords,  
 Your great nobles, senators and statesmen,  
 Not to prove the fundamental truth of things,  
 But to employ artifice of falsehood;  
 Which, like wild pounding waves against the  
     rocks,  
 Make but noisy and resultless actions,  
 While the calm ocean performing service  
 Labors to benefit the land from which  
 It is inseparable. These nobles,  
 These statesmen who accuse me will concede  
 They are as branches of the Tree of State  
 And should grow to it in strong succession  
 Of loyalty's achievements: they should be  
 So strongly steeped with its pregnant sap  
 That poisoning rains of calamity,  
 Or warring storms that shake the stronger trunk  
 Strike to recoil, and that which does attack  
 Should be likewise attacked.

*Philip.*

    Speak no more, sir!  
 What pardon we withheld you have quite lost,  
 Trying to blind our actual knowledge,  
 Which will not budge. We speak now in anger,  
 Which has been roused by your condemnation  
 Of those whose honor wears to brighter age:  
 Therefore, your trial ends. Thus, I proclaim  
 Don Luis de Haro your successor;  
 Gaspar de Guzman, Duke of Simances,  
 Count of Olivares, I, Philip of Spain,  
 Do order you to exile in Toro,  
 Thence to Italy. At dawn to-morrow  
 You will be ready for your long journey.

*[Exit Olivares, guarded by soldiers.]*

## ACT FOUR

### SCENE I

#### Interior of a Tavern

*Enter Prince, Quicklife, Powder, and Lapatto.*

*Quicklife.* Our stomachs are the columns that support us;  
Let us have goodly venison, Lapatto.  
We'll drink with it a cheerful bowl of wine.

*Lapatto.* Welcome, my friends; I will serve you quickly.  
Drink and make merry to your heart's content.

*[Exit Lapatto.]*

*Powder.* Is graceful deer that erstwhile browsed knee-deep  
'Mongst forest ferns, now food for royal feast?

*Prince.* Oh, you dear bard, you shall eat cold horned  
Is thy paunch ready to accept it? *[stag!]*

*Quicklife.* He who lives longest has the most,—  
We are the jolly comrades of Bacchus,  
So here's a song:

#### SONG

*Quicklife.* Who would merrier live than I?  
Heigh-ho, tell me, I pray?  
Love me or my heart will die;  
Love me not, or tell me why,  
Be't Michaelmas or May!

*Chorus:*

My sword shall guard a maiden's glance,  
When maiden's charms mine eyes entrance.

Who has fewer cares than I,  
In rose-time and autumn?  
Not a world my love shall buy,  
But thy true heart alone may try,  
If it be worth that sun?

*Chorus:*

Oh, mine is not an injured heart;  
Cupid ne'er shot his cruel dart.

*Enter Lapatto bearing food and wine*

*Prince.* Here while we sit at pleasant feast, Powder,  
We will listen wisely to you, begin.

*Powder.* This is the story of Brozzario,

*Quicklife.* The wondrous story of Brozzario!

*Powder.* Hills, rocks, ravines, torrents and roaring lions—

*Quicklife.* Halt, Powder! The roaring lions will not do;  
You may, for substitute, say hungry wolves.

If my knowledge does serve me truthfully,  
There is but one lion in the whole of Spain,  
And he is liberally stuffed with straw.

*Prince.* Commence anew; let there be no mistakes.

*Powder.* Hills, rocks, ravines, torrents and hungry wolves!  
Forked lightnings flash and fearful thunders roar!  
Between the horns of tempests, spouting clouds  
Of hell's red fire tear night asunder,  
The frightened wolves rush down the mountain  
In rear of brave Brozzario; he holds [side-  
The fortress pass. Dawn comes. The bristling  
foe

Climbs to the assault o'er steep jagged rocks;  
The wolves of hell snarl at his iron-shod heels.  
"Back!" shouts Brozzario to his enemies,  
"A thousand of thy slain shall hurl thee back,  
To feed the vultures!" With this Fernandez,  
Advancing chieftain of his brigand band,  
Thrice circling his sword above his head,  
Attacks Brozzario. Hark! how his sword  
Breaks on Brozzario's shield to pieces—

*[Powder seizes the two swords of Prince and  
Quicklife, and acting the fury of Brozzario,  
hacks one of the wooden benches.]*

*Prince.* Hold, Powder! Thou art spoiling the king's  
sword!

*Powder.* Swords clash! lightnings fall! thunders crack!  
Brozzario fights! chops! beats! kills his foes!

*Quicklife.* Stop, mad poet! Will you give me my sword?

*[Powder lunges and pricks Prince and Quick-  
life and drives them from the tavern.]*

*Powder.* Out! out you vile rascals, run for your lives!  
Now I am the master of these servants,  
Who for too long a time have mastered me:  
This trophy of a bloodless fight I'll wear.  
To let him know who dares encounter me  
In brawls or arguments that I will make  
My sword go further with a bloody wound.  
Come forth, Lapatto, from your hiding place!

*Re-enter Lapatto*

You are presented with a soldier's gift,  
To use right well against your enemies;  
Lift high your sword with mine and shout with  
me:

*Powder* "Long live the king! Hurrah for victory!"

*Lapatto.* "Long live the king! Hurrah for victory!"

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II

Before the Gates of the Palace

*Soldiers in background waiting to convey Olivares into exile*

*Enter Olivares.*

*Olivares.* How like a glorious sun Spain's grandeur shines  
 Upon the distant shores of all the world,  
 While the foundation of her kingdom stands  
 A mountainous rock of gold, surrounded by  
 A jewel-freighted sea. Spain, thou art yet  
 The seat of mighty kings, whose mounting  
     spirits  
 Ride on the wings of victory to discover  
 New lands to conquer; whose challenges to war,  
 Blowing from Fame's loud trumpet with her  
     breath  
 Like threatening storms which blacken summer  
 Weaken the valor and hostile defiance [skies,  
 Of watchful enemies. Thy throne shines on  
 The breeding hives of warriors, whose arms  
 Vanquish the war-ribbed world by land and sea  
 In bravest battles. Here, as I kneel  
 To kiss my love to thee upon my sword,  
 And pay thee homage from my grieving heart,  
 Dear homeland of sweet-breathing vineyards,  
 Fair gardens inlaid with glittering palaces  
 And treasured castles! from thee, dear Spain,  
 I take a handful of my native earth  
 Which shall pluck misery from my banished  
     years,  
 As death robs life of terror. These sharp-edged  
 So small, yet cruel, shall be my trowels. [flints,  
 This virgin dust my loam, my hands the masons  
 Which shall build walls of darkness round my  
     eyes,  
 Blinding me to Italy's beauty, but restoring  
 To my lost eyesight when in exile  
 The matchless beauty of my lovely Spain,  
 And more beloved. Yonder the morning light  
 Heralds the sun climbing the eastern sky,  
 And floods with crimson gold the palace windows  
 Where Philip sleeps at ease beneath his crown.  
 Now my extenuated hour expires—  
 Come, soldiers, come, and do your duty.  
     *(Soldiers take him.)*  
 God forgive you, soldiers! I forgive you.  
 Farewell, my king; farewell, farewell, dear Spain!  
     *The end.*

## LYCIDAS AND FELICIA

Loud rang the chimes one summer's morn,  
 Across the burnished, flaming gold  
 Of gossamer, furze, and wild hawthorn;  
 Across the valley, lea and wold—  
 To wealth and beauty, grace and pride,  
 To noble, warrior-knight, and churl;  
 To Lycidas and his fair bride,  
 Felicia, daughter of an earl,

Thrice-happy rang the wedding bells.  
 In gardens fair the summer flow'rs  
 Dropped honey from their fragrant wells  
 On bordered paths in golden hours;  
 The blossoms floated down the brook,  
 The rivulet sang in the dell,  
 The lily's triple shadow shook.  
 The ripe fruit in the orchard fell.

A band of gold enringed her head,  
 Her bridal robes hung snowy white,  
 On her bosom slept a moss-rose red,  
 In her large eyes shone love's pure light.  
 The lark, soaring heavenward, spilled  
 In silver chimes his sweetest song,  
 The ringing, falling echoes filled  
 Purple woodland and valley long;

Fern-deep forest and mossy dell,  
 Herb-scented copse and leafy glen,  
 Where radiant streaming sunbeams fell  
 Upon the golden-crested wren:  
 Where roaming deer could slake their thirst  
 At brooks half hid in silvery gloom:  
 'Twas there the light of Summer burst  
 With rose-buds into perfect bloom.

Proudly the silver trumpets blew  
 From parapets and castle halls;  
 The rich silk-shining banners flew  
 Their colors from the castle walls;  
 Through glittering lances pennant-hung,  
 Through one long chain of armor'd light,  
 Through one long lane of henchmen strong  
 Rode Lycidas with sword sun-bright.

On his great battle-horse, proud maned,  
 Black as the raven's wing; head plumed,  
 Golden-stirruped, Arabian blood veined,  
 Arch-necked, breast mail illumined;  
 On her white steed with flowing hair,  
 White-robed Felicia, angel-browed,  
 Sat like a goddess strangely fair,  
 A crown'd queen riding through a crowd.

Crusader of the Holy Land  
 Was Lycidas; for God's good truth  
 Rose arméd knights at his command,  
 Defenders of the Christian faith;  
 Upon his gleaming helmet shone  
 Her crown of gold; his strong, fierce face  
 Was set to win and make him known,  
 A Saxon chieftain of his race.

Oh, nobly to the castle rode  
 The gallant bridegroom, happy bride;  
 Oh, fair-set in the sunlight glowed  
 The ancient castle tall and wide;  
 One flashing trumpet's silver sound  
 Rolled clear and far as twilight fell—  
 Rolled from a silver throat, and found  
 An answer in one evening bell.

The crimson fire of sunset wore  
 To golden gleam of molten light,  
 As peaks of darkness towered o'er  
 The refluant moon-hung dawn of night;  
 Till, hazed in twilight's amber glow  
 And cloudy-veiled with fiery spray,  
 Flickered in one long flaming row,  
 The gold-burnt ashes of the day.

Truth ever folds in his strong arms  
 Love's sister, Grief; bestowing rest,  
 Revealing peace, but more, he warms  
 With softened glow the haunted breast;  
 Unwatched, his gliding footsteps trace  
 A pathway through the darkest night;  
 A shadow falls across a face—  
 The darkness of the night is light!

Throughout the fragrant summer nights  
 The nightingale sang out her song;  
 The thin moon gilded mountain heights,  
 The abbey-tower, the castle strong;  
 Where paced Felicia, fair to see,  
 But, moving to a higher pride,  
 Wrung her white hands in agony.  
 With pensive-stricken face she cried:

“What curse has fallen upon me,  
 That I remain a childless wife?  
 O motherhood! beholding thee,  
 I see in thee the good of life;  
 The light of joy, the soul’s reward,  
 The breath of virtue, patient fear—  
 Though on thy good lips die unheard  
 The saddest words that none shall hear.”

Sometimes dim forms of those she knew,  
 Sometimes dark pictures vast and deep,  
 Painted by Death, leapt into view.  
 Or startled her in fretful sleep;  
 Once, dreaming that her absent lord  
 Upon the battlefield lay dead,  
 Felicia in a vision heard  
 A voice she knew not, and which said:

“Steal forth into the shrouded night;  
 Search for a mother at whose breast  
 Sucks a sweet babe; make her eyes bright  
 With gifts of gold, and presents prest  
 In her warm palm; calm her wild fears;  
 Persuasion’s angel thou mayst be  
 To stay her anguish and her tears,  
 Her wretched shame and poverty.

“Heaven’s law hath sealed thy childless womb,  
 But a brave heir the babe shall prove,  
 To bow in vigil at thy tomb,  
 To cherish and obey thy love;  
 Yet from thy Lord Lycidas keep  
 The secret locked within thy breast:  
 Lest he be wrathful, lest thou weep  
 In nights of sorrow shorn of rest.”

## LYCIDAS AND FELICIA

A trembling figure clothed in black.  
 Treading a path of pale moonlight  
 Along a darksome forest track,  
 Knocked at a peasant's hut one night.  
 A voice of sweetness touch'd with love  
 Spoke through a richly-woven veil:  
 A mother's prayer reached heav'n above,  
 A mother's sob, an infant's wail.

Then spake Felicia once again:  
 "Sweet soul, for thy sake and for mine.  
 My bosom carries half thy pain.  
 Thou spar'st one child from all of thine."  
 Forever, as the morning gray  
 Stole o'er the forest breathing sweet.  
 Forever passed a night away  
 That nevermore with time would meet.

Three years had lapsed since Lycidas  
 Embarked for Holy Palestine.  
 Now he returned victorious,  
 With kindled features half-divine.  
 In wild joy clashed the abbey-bells.  
 On castle-walls, on mountain-spires,  
 On rugged peaks, on pine-crowned hills.  
 The bright day died in golden fires.

The vapors of the dying day,  
 Ladened with perfume, lingered when  
 The woodland songs had passed away.  
 When life was hushed in sleep again:  
 Broad shadows from the red dusk ran  
 Athwart the slopes of fading light,  
 And bright stars, rising one by one,  
 Sang in the darkened fields of night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fair grew the boy in nature's sun.  
 With golden ringlets, eyes as blue  
 As full-blown violets in June.  
 With heart and soul commingling true.  
 Some presence shap'd his life for good.  
 Some tidal happiness his sky;  
 Each winter built him sturdy blood.  
 Each summer lit his face with joy.



He looked in the blue vault of heaven  
Through dreaming larch and cypress wood,  
He heard the hunter's shrill blast given  
To let in streams the stag's hot blood;  
Holding aloof from fame, he heard  
His father's valiant praise of war,  
Rushing waters where sedges stirred,  
The calm's low sound, the tempest's roar.

He did not know through changing years  
The thought invisible that grew,  
The two-fold love through secret tears,  
The care that from his nature drew  
The thorns that wake to prick the blood,  
The guilt of vice, the unlearned mind,  
The ear that feeds on slander's food,  
The clownish spirit of his kind.

---

### CLEOPATRA'S DREAM

Far in his flight, the vulture, with spread wings,  
Between the distant pyramids tracks the night;  
Beyond them turns again, when failure swings,  
Unnoted 'neath the long sky's golden height.

And far from its black evil, as they run  
Toward the silver river's banks of green—  
Girt with the forest leopard's spots of sun—  
Proclaim the royal heralds Egypt's queen.

Music of harps from temples softly steals  
Round shimmering mists that incensed torches bear;  
The cushion'd camel in the desert kneels,  
Blowing the hot sand to the evening air;

The moon shines on his bridle's ivory shells.  
The slaves under the palm-trees watch and wait;  
Egypt's God of Love in the sweet night dwells,  
While sleeps the Egyptian God of Hate.

## CLEOPATRA'S DREAM

On the bright river float the shore's loose weeds,  
The curv'd reeds' shadows widen in the waves,  
The heron's nest rocks on the nodding reeds,  
While Cleopatra in the cool Nile bathes.

Cleansing her eyes in Nature's pool of joy,  
And stirs the water's silence when she moves;  
Before her minstrels their sweet art employ  
To play on shepherds' pipes the songs she loves.

Stopped by her shadows, in the dusk of each,  
The same face peers through them a moment's while;  
She grasps the rushes' darkness within reach  
That banks the stream of moonlight on the Nile.

In Night's dark robe, her pleading shoulders hide  
The pale fear of their fronts that miss the shore;  
Her lifted lips of beauty bid the wide  
Sky's downcast orb of light be clouded o'er;

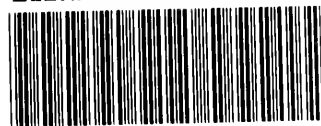
Which o'er the flowing Nile, the sunless sand,  
The sandal'd feet, the bells of opening sound,  
Throws down its heatless rays on Egypt's land,  
The imitate of day that lights the ground,

Which lovely makes the music of the night,  
The breaking echoes, the swift herald's fame;  
The desert's entrance welcome to the sight:  
Which lovely makes the praise fast following blame.

Over the desert's halting places falls  
The palm-trees' shade, bringing no running brooks:  
On the stone steps within her palace walls  
Egypt's Queen into her oldest slave's eyes looks!



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